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would allow it to be called hog skin. Some of the manufacturers wanted to call it that, but I would not permit it. It would be a case of living on the reputation of its ancient relatives. This pig skin was sent from Chicago, but it was never used generally. At any rate, it was used more largely for library purposes than anything else. And the leather never was allowed to be treated as sheep and these other leathers which show signs of deterioration. I don't believe pig skin is as good a leather as sheep. Pig skin has really been kept out of the competitive market and the result is very good.

The CHAIRMAN: The subject is an interesting one, but there is hardly time to pursue it further, and we will now proceed to the regular business of the day and hear the report of the Committee to confer with the publishers of newspapers on the deterioration of newspaper paper, Mr. Frank P. Hill, of the Brooklyn public library, Chairman.

Mr. HILL: Mr. President, the Committee appointed to confer with the publishers on the deterioration of newspaper paper, consists of Messrs. Wadlin, of Boston, Chivers and Hill of Brooklyn. Notice of the appointment of this Committee was received by the members so late as to make it impossible to present a satisfactory report at this meeting. Mr. Chivers has made a large number of experiments with newspaper paper and the Committee has made arrangements with a number of the publishers in New York to meet in conference some time in the fall. Therefore, all I can do now is to make a report of progress and request a continuance of the Committee.

Mr. ANDREWS: Mr. Chairman, perhaps Mr. Hill could say if they have made any further experiments in the strengthening of paper. Mr. Chivers alluded to the use of cellit. Is that the same as the German solution which we heard about at Bretton Woods?

Mr. HILL: Mr. President, it is similar, but the members of the Committee feel they would prefer not to make a partial report at this time, because it would be

more satisfactory to complete the experiments which Mr. Chivers has already begun, rather than make the report piecemeal.

The CHAIRMAN: The report will be received. I suppose that the Executive Board will continue the Committee.

I am sure that you do not wish me to introduce President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, in a long speech. That is not necessary. You all know him and I am sure it is your wish that he should proceed as soon as possible to the address. I therefore have pleasure in introducing President BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, of the University of California.

(President Wheeler spoke on the attitude librarians should hold toward the work of their profession, but as his remarks were entirely extempore he has requested that they be not published.)

The CHAIRMAN: We thank President Wheeler for his charming address, which I am very certain will help many of us to realize that we are emerging. I would venture the assertion that some of us had gotten our heads above water and stretched out our arms and were preparing to strike out vigorously for the professional shore.

Some one said yesterday that California seemed to be a composite photograph of the United States. We meet people from all sections of the country and we find the conditions of many sections reproduced here. Especially is this true of the educational institutions of California, not only of the state university, of which Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler is president, but also of Leland Stanford University. We have here in Pasadena a most admirable institution, the Throop Polytechnic Institute, and the head and guiding soul of that institution is President J. A. B. SCHERER, whom we are to have the pleasure of hearing now.

BOOKS AND THE EFFICIENT LIFE

Efficiency is the ability to get profitable results with a minimum of friction and waste. Everybody is in favor of efficiency

except Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, that strange quadrangular contemporary reincarnation of Samuel Johnson, Thomas Carlyle, Protagoras, and Thomas à Kempis. "There is nothing that fails like success," says this paradoxical Jovian sophist; and again the medieval mystic in him exclaims, disdaining our modern efficiency: "I will lift up my eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help; but I will not lift up my carcass to the hills, unless it is absolutely necessary."

In spite of Mr. Chesterton, the slogan of modern educational theory is efficiency. The latest and very good word on the subject points out that "predigested education and printer's ink will not produce successful and virile men. In the school of to-morrow it will be boys more than books, and living more than letters." The new school "will make for the health of the body—fresh air, wholesome food, adequate exercise, and manly work; it will make for the health of the mind—sanity, alertness and reliability; it will make for the health of the spirit—habits of social justice and expressions of divine truth. Furthermore, it will direct its youth into the paths of industrial efficiency and world service."

I suppose that half of the reason why this particular subject was assigned to me is the fact that I happen to be president of one of those schools that confessedly stand for industrial efficiency—"one of those schools," as Mr. Roosevelt said when he spoke for us on the twenty-first of March, "the development of which has meant more for the permanent efficiency of Germany in the modern European world than any other one thing." And I suppose that the other half of the reason why I am asked to discuss the subject, "Books and the Efficient Life," is because the trustees of this new technical college, being resolved that it should not be too technical, called to its presidency a man who knows no more of technical engineering than the traditional pig (who was probably a college president among the pigs) knew about holiday.

It is a part of our creed and curriculum,

our preachment and practice, at Throop Polytechnic Institute, that books and the efficient life should go together—the boys are getting it drilled into them, I hope, every day. Of course I do not mean text-books—these are but tools for the teacher; but the great books, of the stuff that make verities; books of the sort that charmed Gilbert de la Porrée in the twelfth century into his now famous rhapsody:

"I sit here with no company but books, dipping into dainty honeycombs of literature. All minds in the world's history find their focus in a library. . . . Never was such an army mustered as I have here. No general ever had such soldiers as I have. No kingdom ever had such illustrious subjects as mine, or half as well governed. I can put my haughtiest subjects up or down, as it pleases me. I call 'Plato,' and he answers 'Here'—a noble and sturdy soldier. 'Aristotle,' 'Here'—a host in himself. 'Demosthenes,' 'Cicero,' 'Cæsar,' 'Tacitus,' 'Pliny'—'Here!' they answer, and they smile at me in their immortality of youth."

The supreme example and illustration of the influence of a few great books on an efficient life is of course the modern instance of Lincoln—doubly impressive because his life was so singularly efficient and the books that moulded him were so great and so few. Mr. Herbert Croly, in "The Promise of American Life," says:

"With the sound instinct of a well-balanced intelligence, Lincoln seized upon the three available books, the earnest study of which might best help to develop harmoniously a strong and many-sided intelligence. He seized, that is, upon the Bible, Shakespeare, and Euclid."

The assiduous study of Euclid made Lincoln an intellectual rail-splitter. He used to lie abed at nights in the inns on his law circuit and split Euclid's rails by the light of a tallow dip. Shakespeare, that "priest to us all of the wonder and bloom of the world," broadened and deepened his very human sensibilities; while "the grand simplicities of the Bible" nourished and directed his will. His life was supremely efficient because it was harmonious and

full. He was not a typically intellectual man, nor a dominantly emotional man, nor yet an indomitably practical man; he was better than any of these: he was a man. He "saw life steadily and saw it whole"—and his great books exactly helped him to this wholesome ease of the spirit, this rounded efficiency of character.

The chief need of the merely efficient man is character. Books help to give him that, if wisely chosen and properly digested. Among the elements of character, for example, is a reasonable modesty; a sense of proportion and relative values, to keep a man from making a fool of himself by thinking of himself more highly than he ought to think. Now, one of the dangers of the merely efficient man, who has not read the great books, is his danger of coming to the pass when he will have to carry a shoe-spoon around with him to put his hat on with. Your merely efficient man is liable to be worried with the never-absent notion that he has got to be proving all the time that he is just as good a man as you are, and probably a little bit better. Owen Wister hits it off neatly as one of our national traits:

"We cannot seem to let ourselves alone; we must talk when there is nothing to say; we must joke—especially we must joke—when there is no need for it, and when nobody asked to be entertained. This is the nervousness of democracy; we are uncertain if the other man thinks we are 'as good' as he is; therefore we must prove that we are, at first sight, by some sort of performance."

The most grotesquely humorous performance of this sort that has ever come under my notice is itself in the shape of a book—O books! what crimes are committed in your name!—printed by a merely efficient man for the apparent purpose of declaring that he is a great deal smarter than any of those who ordinarily write books or read books or teach books. He is a highly efficient person, he is even a "captain of industry," with a store of industriously acquired technical knowledge, although he is not, thank Mercury, the product of a technical school—being a

self-made man who worships his creator every day. The book is deliciously humorous, but naïvely, unconsciously so. My point is, that if the author (whose name might be Cræsus Malvolio, but isn't) had ever read half a dozen great books in his life, he would never have thought of writing this one; they would mercifully have saved him from writing himself down, as it were, in this ludicrous attempt to demonstrate that a man may be a very great and important personage indeed without an iota of education or culture.

In the presence of the great books the fool is silent and the knave afraid. Upon him who snubs their noble company they may wreak a terrible revenge.

There is a single writer of whose works even a cursory knowledge will prevent the twentieth-century enthusiast from the flamboyancy of ignorant pride. He lived four hundred years before Christ, yet he wrote what Professor Paul Shorey calls "a book of tomorrow." "The division of labor, specialization, the limitation of the right of private property, the industrial and political equality of women, the improvement of the human breed by artificial selection, the omnipotence of public opinion, the reform of the letter of the creeds to save their spirit, the proscription of unwholesome art and literature, the reorganization of education, the kindergarten method, the endowment of research, the application of the higher mathematics to astronomy and physics—such are some of the divinations, the modernisms, of that wonderful work," *The Republic of Plato*: to say nothing of its brilliant and compelling poetry.

The great books implant modesty in the efficient man, and they also ripen his tolerance into a positive broad generosity. He has thought of the medieval ages as unrelievedly dark; but an essay like that of Frederic Harrison's shows him that the thirteenth century was only a little less wonderful than the nineteenth, while Storrs's Bernard of Clairvaux lights the "dark ages" with beacons. His wholesale contempt for paganism may be tempered

by another American historical writer, Mr. James Freeman Clarke, while his ignorant "jingoism" may get its antidote in Goldwin Smith's political history of this country, and his patriotism be illuminated by a reading of Alexis de Tocqueville and Bryce. Should he be Southern, he will read the letters and addresses of Lincoln; or Northern, the recollections and letters of Lee. In either case he will be a better American. A history of philosophy will relieve him from the bigotry of science and from a cheap contempt for pure speculation. A dipping into the red-blooded heroic life of Martin Luther will teach him that the German Reformation was worth while, although he read of it in the balanced pages of Mr. Lilly, as well as in the bludgeon chapters of Carlyle. When discussing the universal hope of immortality he will not affect to forget the testimony of Jesus Christ, as the Ingersoll lecturers have done; broad minded enough to revere the great pagans, he will be brave enough to acknowledge Christianity as a historic fact of considerable importance, to say the least. From Japan and China he may learn that a genuine civilization may be built upon totally different architectural plans from those employed by the Occident, and he will acquire a new and healthy respect for old Asia. There is nothing more awakening and stimulating to a dormant sense of catholicity than this—to make for oneself the intellectual discovery of Asia.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific . . .

Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The great books, while enlarging the scope of the sympathies, also deepen and enrich them. Such books not only teach a man to respect other nations and ages—they do what is better; they help him to know men. To the efficient man nothing else is quite so important as this. If the engineer is to know the men of his kind, with whom he has to deal far more formidably or intimately, as you please, than

with bridges or dynamos, he must read them in the pages of the great writers of English, at least, from Chaucer and Shakespeare to Rudyard Kipling and Mark Twain.

To me this is the chief glory, as it is the unsurpassed distinction, of Charles Dickens: that he built up a human laboratory with his books, wherein you may study at your leisure the salient types of the every-day folk that you meet on the street or in parlors or churches or slums, so that you have a mental card-index ready at hand for classifying almost any new acquaintance, provided only that he have the slightest affinity for caricature. You may see a mild Pecksniff marching down the aisle of almost any Protestant church of a Sunday, while Merry and Cherry sit demurely in his pew well towards the front. I know at least one Mr. Lorry here in Pasadena, and have met Sidney Carton and Lucie Manette in the flesh. I used to know Micawber and have even seen Uriah Heep blowing down the friendly ear of a village doctor's mule. Mr. Boffin and Jenny Wren and the scalawag Silas Wegg are our mutual friends. Who does not know and love Tom Pinch and Mark Tapley and Little Nell and Captain Cuttle and the Dombey boy, as well as David Copperfield himself, to say nothing of Peggotty and Aunt Betsy? The progeny of Mr. Gradgrind still survive, a type of the unfittest, in the modern school, while the Podsnaps and the Veneerings continue to bourgeon in contemporary society, and Bill Sykes and Fagan infest our modern slums. I do not speak now of Dickens' vast beneficent influence in lessening the square miles of slum areas in our cities, in redeeming the more hideous horrors of the jails, in straightening out the schools and the courts of chancery, in brightening childhood. He is one of the most efficient humanitarians of any age. But at present I speak of him as a powerful and delightful psychologist, of whom it may be said as of no other English author, that he actually creates his characters, so that you do not remember them as having been met in a book, but

as having been actually known and loved or dreaded in a life that you lived in company with this "cockney novelist" at whom some critics sneer.

In the really great humanists of English literature you get down to the radical laws of truth as affecting humanity. Take Shakespeare, for example. He is not a conscious preacher of moralities—far from it. Indeed, he is not a conscious preacher or teacher of anything, because he never intended any of his writings, except some of his short poems, for a life between book-covers; his plays were written to satisfy the clamor of the stage, and he doubtless never dreamed of their immortality when he begot them. But what a teacher of profound human truth is he become! How clearly (for example), and with what passionate earnestness, does he set forth the workings of treachery, which to him was the quintessence of sin,—the canker eating out the heart of man, the worm that kills truth, the acid rust that breaks the ties of human brotherhood.

In Hamlet you see all the bonds breaking. Human ties snap harshly, one by one—the bond between ruler and subject, the bond between mother and son, the bond between maiden and lover, the bond between friend and friend—and it all grows out of a single act of treachery between brother and brother. Likewise the three tragedies that reveal the progress of spiritual struggle in Shakespeare's soul deal severally with the sundering of sacred ties. In Macbeth it is ruler and subject, in Lear it is fathers and children, in Othello, husband and wife—and through them all creeps the shadow of Judas, clothed now in some queenly giant shape of "steely feminine cruelty," or again in glittering heroic armor or in kingly trappings, or yet again in the most perfect garments of Iago. Nowhere save in the pages of Holy Writ itself is treachery made so terrible, or falsehood so revolting, or a lying life so black, as when we see these velvet-footed devils in their prime. The measure of Shakespeare's greatness as a moral teacher is discerned when you compare his treatment of sin with the treat-

ment which modern "moralists" such as Zola accord to crime. In the latter case the esthetic sense is rudely shocked; but Shakespeare leaves you with a shuddering horror for sin in its acme and essence.

In these days when, as Emerson says, we need to revise our theory of success, it is Shakespeare that helps us to do it. The example reaches its summit in Lear. There is the poor old king on the moorland, ragged, pinch-bellied, bleeding; his companions only heightening his misery—the crazy clown with his whimpering wit, crazy Tom with his blood-curdling folly. The storm beats and howls, the lightning flashes, the heavens bellow with woe; and all the time the serpent's tooth is gnawing at the old king's heart. Then later you see him with the dead Cordelia. Shakespeare could have spared her to him if he had followed the ancient story as he found it; but he is not that kind of a moralist. This modern Job will face the hard facts as they are, though they wrench the marrow from the joints. And so we see her with the hangman's livid mark about her neck, dead in the old king's arms. But look you! Do you not feel in that moment, as you view the lowest depths of mortal woe, that you would rather be the poor old jabbering Lear, or the stark and sallow thing that was Cordelia, than the triumphant smiling duke upon his throne? This is what Shakespeare has done for us: he has stripped innocence and purity so bare that you see them as nothing but a name; he has surrounded them and clothed them with failure, with abject ruin, with utter and absolute loss, while wrong sits smiling on the throne; *but he has made you envy the vanquished.*

Macbeth is the moral counterpart to King Lear. It shows the other side, and in detail; depicting the triumph of unrighteousness, but showing by far subtler methods than didacticism that such a triumph is failure. Lear illustrates the victory of defeat; Macbeth, the failure of success. The lord and his lady accomplish everything for which they have plotted; but her outraged woman's nature

takes revenge, being too frail for such heavy business. First comes woeful dreaming, and then a tortured death. As for him, he is highly efficient; he achieves success. He is the man of destiny; his luck has not yet failed him; he is at the very summit of prosperity. But listen! From the height of his perfect ambition he utters that hopeless, heartbroken cry about the sear and yellow leaf—of "curses, not loud, but deep." That is Shakespeare's moral judgment of "the gospel of success," although the phrase had not been minted in his time. It is a lesson we need at this hour. The efficient man who triumphs really fails unless he triumphs righteously. Thus the great books reveal the radical truths of humanity, and teach the deep lessons of character.

I am old-fashioned enough to believe that your efficient man cannot afford to neglect his Bible. I do not allude now to its literary majesty and beauty; reams have been written recently in praise of "that vast Oriental beaker brimming with poetry," as Victor Hugo has called it; and here in America Richard G. Moulton is doing a man's work in unveiling it, a veritable hidden Grail these several centuries. I praise it now not as a vessel of beauty, though it is that too, but as the true "chalice of the grapes of God," whereof if a man drink valiantly he may know the truth that makes men truly free.

A knowledge of the great books will beget self-confidence, and that is a good gift of efficiency. I think that history and biography tend especially to do this. In our enthusiasm for the present we must not ignore the past; it has sap for our sinews, inspiration for our hardest endeavor. To cut oneself off from the past is to break with the record of human experience. The efficient man should find the line of historical continuity which binds him to the race, trace it, and so link himself in the chain of universal endeavor. He discovers that he is what he is because the past has made him what he is; the clash of ancient arms, the rush of centuries, the rise and fall of nations, have all mixed in the molding of a man.

So a thoughtfully directed study of history brings a large and noble self-respect to be gained in no other way. History is the memory of the race. It heightens the sense of identity which the individual memory had established. It multiplies the lessons of wisdom indefinitely by broadening the imagined experience—teaching the conservation of past good and the avoidance of what the race has learned to be futile or evil; and thus stiffens a man's self-confidence while limbering and indeed liquefying his self-esteem.

Biography is of comparable value, even though history be not, in Carlyle's phrase, the mere biography of great men. It is a good thing to come close to these giants, and feel the touch of nature that makes us all akin. They help us to mount obstacles by the splendor of lustrous example; but they also keep us from despair of our follies as we smile at their foibles, and cheer us in the humdrum tedium of the common lot. I like to know that Shakespeare, the supremest of poets, kept a practical eye to the windward of business affairs, and so prospered; I even like to think that in his youth he may have poached. It is good to see our own cold Washington fling an inkstand at the head of one of his pinchbeck soldiers—much better than to swallow poor old Weems's pious lie about the hatchet; and it is delightful to hide behind a tree while the father of his country rolls upon the ground in fits of laughter over the plight of the young men and the peddler. Then there is Tennyson, groping on his knees amid the grass below his window in the dewy English morning, searching earnestly for his smelly pipe, and sweeping up carefully the crumbs of his precious tobacco, he having impulsively "sworn off" smoking just the night before, and tossed out the devil's implements altogether. One knows, moreover, that Robert Browning could not be a prig or a pedant when one hears him jovially exclaiming that when Sordello was first written only two beings in the universe knew its meaning—"God and Robert Browning; now God alone knows," says he. Martin Luther is a pleasanter picture

punching the gentle Philip in the short ribs over a sophisticated bit of exegesis than when refusing to shake hands with Zwingli; and the apostles themselves are more lovable companions in the frank undress of New Testament Greek than when clothed with the euphemisms of a pure but at the same time puritanical English. They all had humanity; so have we; and it makes a man bolder for the efficient life if he can come into homespun earthy contact with those "dead but scept'ed sovereigns who rule us from their urns." They swing scepters now; but once upon a time they swung crutches or walking canes or inkstands or hockey sticks, and it is good to know it. So we give thanks to the awful great, with Sidney Lanier, for

" . . . your little mole that marks
You brother and your kinship seals to
man."

That, while it is not the chief good, is one of the good things of biography.

There remains the one supreme reason for reading the great books—"just for fun." I don't want to be conscious of ulterior motives when I play tennis or undertake golf or read Keats—I just want to enjoy myself. The benefits may come of themselves; they should be "benefits forgot" while they are coming. There are few enjoyments equal to the enjoyment of literature read "just for fun." This pleasure may begin in early youth, and continue throughout old age, until it becomes a pleasure of memory as well as a delight of daily renewal; lifting us above the petty and sordid cares of life into the faery realm of the imagination, where we eat ambrosia and drink nectar as we will. It is only in the thoughtful analytic moods that we realize what has been done for us. Charles Eliot Norton has described it admirably in his introduction to the study of Dante. He says:

"To acquire a love for the best poetry, and a just understanding of it, is the chief end of the study of literature; for it is by means of poetry that the imagination is quickened, matured, and invigorated, and it is only through the exercise of his im-

agination that man can live a life that is in a true sense worth living. For it is the imagination which lifts him from the petty, transient and physical interests that engross the greater part of his time and thoughts in self-regarding pursuits, to the large, permanent, and spiritual interests that ennoble his nature, and transform him from a solitary individual into a member of the brotherhood of the human race."

It is not needful to "scorn delights" in order to "live laborious days" if only we keep company with those who either "build the lofty rhyme" or the more spacious palaces of prose.

So, then, let us forget all about efficiency, and steal a journey every chance we get to the orchards of the Hesperides. Swing hands with Homer and Dumas, with Cervantes and dear R. L. S. through lands of adventuresome delight, whether it be "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy," or on Treasure Island. Enlist with Tennyson in the Table Round, go afield with Shelley and Queen Mab, stand tiptoe with Keats upon his little hill, become a strayed reveler with Arnold, a mariner or a mountaineer with Coleridge, or "a God-intoxicated man" with Robert Browning. Let Carlyle stir you with his heroes, or Dickens make you laugh and weep with humbler folk. Let Shakespeare take you by the hand, make friends with Goethe, and do not stand in far-off awe of Plato or of Moses, but make boldly up to them all, and company with them. That is what I would say to the efficient man chiefly, if I could. Let him forget himself and his efficiency in those who minister of joy; and he will not only find the friction and waste of his life reduced towards their minimum, but he will also get his head up into a world where men can breathe.

At the conclusion of this address the session adjourned.

FIFTH GENERAL SESSION

(Shakespeare Club, Wednesday, May
24, 2:30 p. m.)

Joint session of the American library association and the California library asso-

ciation, Miss Alice S. Tyler, presiding for the former, and Mr. L. W. Ripley for the latter.

(Miss Tyler takes the chair.)

The CHAIRMAN: We now come to the closing session of this annual conference and in the vicissitudes of conduct of meetings, it has fallen to my lot to have the honor of introducing to this assembly the president of the California library association, Mr. L. W. Ripley, who will preside during the California program and present to you our distinguished visitors.

(Mr. Ripley takes the chair.)

The CHAIRMAN: California is a proud state just now, for we are told that we have advanced further in reform legislation than any other state in the Union, and there is just one man in California that can claim the largest share of credit for such a state of affairs. President David Starr Jordan, a few weeks ago, said that all good citizens throughout America could rejoice with the Republicans of California in having selected a governor who was a man before he was a governor. In introducing the next speaker to you, I wish to present a man who is giving California the best that is in him, a true servant of the people, HIRAM W. JOHNSON, governor of the state of California.

Governor Johnson gave a very stirring presentation of the political issues at present before the citizens of California, dwelling upon the "recall"; "initiative and referendum"; how the state has been freed from railroad rule; and what the recent legislature had accomplished along reform lines.

The CHAIRMAN: We have another native son with us, a man who has turned the searchlight of truth into the darkest corners of our social and business affairs, and he will speak to us on the position that the library can occupy in a democracy. I present, with pleasure, Mr. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Mr. Steffens spoke of the recent reforms in public affairs, pointing out how librarians could further this good work. As he spoke extempore he prefers that his remarks be not printed.

The CHAIRMAN: We will now have the pleasure of listening to an address on "What the world of literature owes to California," by Dr. GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

Dr. James said that the hand of destiny had been for generations steadily pointing to California and the Pacific Coast, that development and population from the dawn of history had been steadily pushing westward; that California, by its remarkable scenery, diversity of climate and products, was well equipped for receiving this influx. He depicted in glowing terms the various charms of the region, its climate, mountains, coast line and varied beaches, picturesque rocks, and harbors, its mysterious deserts, forests, rivers, and islands, and called attention to the influence which all of these factors had had on literature. Its literature had also been influenced by the numerous political changes of the last hundred years, and by its romantic and thrilling settlement and early days, accompanied by such hardships and such dramatic situations.

Dr. James then mentioned briefly a large number of California authors, beginning with the Indian tribes whose literature has been partially preserved by such translators as Jeremiah Curtin, Charles F. Lummis, Joaquin Miller, Mary Austin and others. Next in order came the epoch of Spanish discovery and the literature of the *padres*, followed in turn by the era of the pioneers. California names in literature are many, among the most prominent mentioned by the speaker being Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Noah Brooks, Clarence King, Joseph Le Conte, John Muir, Charles Frederick Holden, David Starr Jordan, Stewart Edward White, Mary Austin, John C. Van Dyke, Olive Thorne Miller, Charles F. Lummis, Edwin Markham, Ina Coolbrith, Edward Rowland Sill, Frank Norris, Helen Hunt Jackson, Gellett Burgess, Gertrude Atherton, Eleanor Gates, Frances Charles, Jack London and Hubert Howe Bancroft. In conclusion the speaker expressed his opinion that for the Pacific Coast region there was not only the possibility but the

certainty of the development of the highest in literature and civilization that the world has ever known.

The CHAIRMAN: That ends the California program and Miss Tyler will preside over this session until its adjournment.

(Miss Tyler takes the chair.)

The CHAIRMAN: There are some matters of business that must of necessity be taken up in this closing session of the meeting. First we will ask if there is any unfinished business that has come over to us from the previous session. Probably it would be well at this time for the Secretary to make such announcements as are necessary.

The SECRETARY: At the direction of the Executive Board last night, the Secretary sent the following telegram for the Association.

May 23, 1911.

Dr. JOHN S. BILLINGS,
Director N. Y. Public Library,
New York City.

The American library association in conference at Pasadena sends congratulations to authorities of the public library and citizens of New York on the auspicious opening of the greatest of municipal libraries in the noble building dedicated today.

GEORGE B. UTLEY,
Secretary.

The CHAIRMAN: At this juncture, it seems to me well that we should hear from our Committee on resolutions, Mr. Geo. S. Godard, chairman.

Mr. Godard presented the following

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS

RESOLVED: That the grateful thanks of the American library association are due and are hereby given to those who by their united efforts have made this our Thirty-third annual meeting so successful.

First: To those who assisted in the program: Willard Huntington Wright, of Los Angeles; Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President University of California; Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, President Throop Polytechnic Institute; Hon. Hiram W. Johnson, Governor of California; Mr. Lincoln Steffens,

and Dr. George Wharton James, whose several addresses have added much to the meetings; and to Mr. A. C. Vroman, whose illustrated lecture on California Missions will long be remembered.

Second: To the Pasadena Local Committee of arrangements, Miss N. M. Russ, librarian of the Pasadena public library, Chairman, and her Board of trustees, for the hearty welcome extended and abundant provision made for our comfort and entertainment.

Third: To the Shakespeare Club and its president, Miss Anna L. Meeker, for the courtesies extended to us in providing so convenient and comfortable a meeting place.

Fourth: To the Pasadena Board of Trade and the Los Angeles library board and Chamber of Commerce for the cordial hospitality shown us and to the citizens who kindly made it possible for us to acquaint ourselves with the beauties of their cities.

Fifth: To the ladies of Pasadena and librarian and friends of the Long Beach public library, who so thoughtfully and generously met us with flowers at San Bernardino, and provided flowers for the adornment of our several rooms.

Sixth: To the management of the Hotel Maryland for unfailing courtesies and excellent service rendered.

Seventh: To the representatives of the press who have done so much to make accessible, both here in California and at our homes, the proceedings of our several meetings.

Respectfully submitted,
GEO. S. GODARD,
DEMARCHUS C. BROWN,
MARY F. ISOM,

Committee on Resolutions.

Mr. GODARD: Madam Chairman, I move the acceptance of the report and the adoption of the resolution.

A DELEGATE: Second the motion.

The CHAIRMAN: It is moved and seconded that the report be accepted and the resolutions adopted. I know it will give you all great pleasure to vote for this and thus express the sentiment which the Committee have so well voiced. All those who